# THE HOME JOURNAL.

VOLUME XIX.

WINCHESTER, TENNESSEE, FEBRUARY 2, 1881.

NUMBER 47.

## The Demon of Speculation.

The foul demon of speculation keeps us all in a turmoil; society seethes and bubbles over with the excitement due to the constant race for riches; to the struggling pursuit of more wealth. This is common to all classes. Farmers and country dwellers are tempted to send their small savings to be swallowed up in the whirlpool of speculations in the cities, and in the vain hope of acquiring riches that have never existed, and which they can no more secure than they can grasp a shadow. The business man and the man who possesses already a snug competence haste to throw their proporty away in the same foolish manner to be swallowed up in the bottomless maw of speculation. And so the wrecked hopes and fortunes may be counted by the thousands, and crime, ignominy and wrotchedness are present everywhere, In a less degree the evils of overliving, too, pravail, and men and families mourn for want of that which they have unwisely squandered and wasted in a way that brings no solid comfort to

There is no happiness in living beyond one's means. Those who have no debts, who pay as they go and make this their rule, are more careful and economical than those who buy on credit whatever they may desire or think they need. Buying on credit is our national bane, on evil which saps the foundations of our social comfort. It keeps a man in debt, increases his expenses, makes his necessities greater, and tempts him to risk his property in vain efforts to extricate himself from pecuniary difficulties. It is quite easy to spend what we have not; but a man always thinks twice before he breaks upon a small accumulation which is already has, and will rather add to it then trench upon it. Therefore the habit of saving, once created, is a safeguard against careless spending and should be encouraged in every legitimate and proper way. There is an economy that is mean and stingy; but it is very easy to avoid this fault without falling into the opposite vice of extravagance, and to hit the happy mean of a sensible and wholesome economy.—Rural New Yorker,

## Blsmarck.

About thirty-five years ago, when the German Chancellor was only plain Otto von Bismarck, a Pomeranian Squire and inspector of dykes, he went out one day snipe-shooting with a friend, on some marshy land, into which his companion, a stout, heavy man, suddenly sank up to his arm-pits. Vainly struggling to extricate himself, the gentleman shouted for help, and seeing Herr Bismarck approach him very slowly and cautiously, apparently still looking out for the rising of some stray snipe, piteously appealed to him to leave the confounded snipe alone and pull him out of the abominable swamp into which he had sunk so deeply that its slime was almost in his mouth. "My dear friend," replied Bismarck, with the utmost calmness, "you will certainly never get out of that hole. No body can possibly save you. It would should suffer unnecessarily by slowly stifling in this vile swamp. I'll tell you what, my dear fellow, I'll save you the agony of suffocation by putting a charge of shot into your head. Thus will you die at once more swiftly and more re "Are you mad?" shricked the other, struggling desperately to free drowned or shot; so help me out, in the name of three devils." Deliberately leveling his fowling-piece at his friend head, Herr Bismarck rejoined, in a sor rowful tone: "Keep steady for a mo-ment; it will soon be over. Farewell, dear friend! I will feithfully tell your wife all about it." Stimulated to superhuman effort by the eminent peril menacing him, the unlucky sportsman con-trived to wriggle out of the mud on allfours, and, when he had recovered his feet, broke out in a storm of vehement reproach. Herr Bismarck listened to im with a sardonic smile, merely observ 'Can't you see how right I was after all? Every man for himself!" and, turning his back on his infuriated companion, coolly walked away in search of more game.

A Dog's Sense of Smell. Have you ever observed how really wonderful is the dog's sense of smell Anacharsis (says his happy owner) knows me, when I am dressed in clothes be never saw before, by his nose alone. Let me get myself up in a theatrical costume, and cover my face with a mask, yet he will recognize me by some (to us) undiscovered perfume. Moreover, he will recognize the same odor as clinging to my clothes after they have been taker off. If I shy a pebble on the beach, he can pick out that identical pebble by scent among a thousand others. Ever the very ground on which I have trodden retains for him some faint mements of my presence a few hours afterward, The blood-hound can track a human scent a week old-which argues a delicacy of nose almost incredible to human nostrils. Similarly, too, if you watch Anacharsis at this moment, you will see that he runs up and down the path sniffing at every stick, stone and plant as though he got a separate and distinguishable scent out of every one of them. And so he must, no doubt; for if even the carth keeps a perfume of the person who has walked over it hours be-fore, surely every object about us must have some faint smell or other, either o itself or of objects which have touched Therefore the smells which make up half a dog's picture of this life must be successive and continuous. - Exchange.

"Mamma," said a little chap, as his indulgent parent gave him a second piece of pumpkin pie, "mamma, I guess this is locomotive pie." "Why so?" queried his puzzled parent. "'Cause, mamma, it goes so fast!" And in two minutes he passed his plate for a third

A NOTE from her father's counsel, offering to conduct her divorce suit free of charge, was among the presents received by a Philadelphia bride.

It is not only arrogant, but it is profil-gate, for a man to disregard the world's ominion of himself,—Cicero,

THEN AND NOW

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Dear ancient school boys! Nature taught to them.
The simple lessons of the star and flower,
Showed them attange sights; how on a single stem—
Admire the marvels of Creative Power!—
Twin apples grew, one sweet, the other sour. How from the hill-top where our eyes behold

In even ranks the plumed and bannered mains thange its long columns, in the days of old The live volcato short its angry blaze,— Dead since the shadows of Nosh's watery days.

How, when the lightning split the mighty rock,
The spreading fury of the shuft was spent;
How the young solon joined the alien stock,
And when and where the homeless sparrows wen
To pass the winter of their discontent.

Scant were the gleamings in those years of dearth; No Cavier yet had clothed the fossil bones. That slumbered, waiting for their second birth; No Lyel read the legend of the stones; Science still pointed to her empty thrones.

Dreaming of orbs to eyes of earth unknown,
Herschel look d heavenward in the starlight pale;
Lost in these awin depths he tred stone.
Laplace stood mute before the little vell;
While home-bred Humbolt trimmed his toy-ship's

No mortal feet those loftler heights had gained. Whence the wide realms of nature we descry; in vain their eyes our longing fathers strained. To sean with wometring gaze the summits high That far beneath their children's footsteps lie.

smile at their first small ventures as we may,
The school-boy's copy shapes the scholar's hand,
Their grateful memory fills our hearts to-day;
Brave, hepeful, wise, this bower of peace they planned, While war's dread plowshare scarred the suffering

Child of our c'illdr a's children vet unbern.
When on this vellow page you turn your eyes.
Where the brief record of this May-day morn.
In phase autique and fauld letters lies.
How vague, how pale our fitting ghosts will rise!

Yet in our veins the blood ran warm and red, For us the fields were green, the skies were blue. Though from our dust the spirit long has field, We lived, we loved, we tolled, we dreamed like Smiled at our sires and thought how much we know.

Oh might our spirits for one hour return.

When the next century rounds its hundreth ring.
All the strange secrets it shall teach to learn,
To near the large truths its years shall bring.
Its wiser sages talk, its awester minarcle sing!

## Dr. Jex's Predicament.

It was the funniest thing that I ever saw in my life. Cruitshank would have gloried in it. I wish I had him here to illustrate that seene with the spirited his patient. But as she looked at him, and crawl through a window to get at his patient. But as she looked at him, are the same of looked as sented.

that pleasant land of blue-grass, and tobacco, and fine stock, with white-teethed girls. Mabel, my sister, had married Dick Hucklestone, and they had begun life in great contentment and a liltle three-roomed house scarcely big enough three-roomed house scarcely big enough to hold the bridal presents. But they were happy, hearty, healthy. They had two cows, ice-cream every day, a charming baby, and Unels Brimmer. Who shall say that their cup was not full? Indeed, they thought it full before Unels Brimmer added, himself thereto—a very pondrous rose leaf. He was one of our old family servants, who fondly believed that Miss Mabel and her young husband. "An' you'll have to clime de ladder." that Miss Mabel and her young husband would never be able to get on without chuckle, would never be able to get on without him. He walked all the way from Misissippi to Kentucky, with tied up in a meal sack, and presented himself before Mabel, announcing affably hat he had come to "stay on."

"But I haven't any place for Uncle Brimmer," said Mabel, divided between hospitality and embarrassment, "Lor honey, you kin jes' tuck me

shose proportions were those of a Hercu- of its shell. es, and shook her head. 'You are not a

Tom Thumb, Uncle Brimmer."

"No, ma'am," said he, submissively,
"but I've got his spirit. Couldn't I deep in de kitchen, honey?" he went on, with insinuating sweetness.

eried our young housekeeper; "I put my foot down on any-body sleeping in the kitchen."

Aunt Patsey, the cook, stood by, balincing a pan of flour on her head, one fat hand on her hip. I suspected her of a personal interest in the matter, and in eed she afterward acknowledged that she thought Uucle Brimmer's coming would prove a "blessin' to her feet, Those feet of hers had been saved many steps through the service of her ten-yearold daughter Nancy Palmira Kateealled Nanky Pal, for short. But of late Nanky's services had been called into requisition as a nurse, and Aunt Patsey, who was fat and scant o' breath, thought she had too much to do; and so she viewed with evident delight the stalwart proportions of our good-natured giant from the south.

"Dar's de lof', Miss Mabel," she sug-

"It is too small, and is cluttered up with things already.' "Oh, sho, chile, dar ain't nothin' in dat lof 'cep' de 'tatters, an' de peppers, an' de dried apples, an' some strings terbacker, an' de broken plow, an' some odds an' ends o' de chillen's, an' Lucy Crittenden's pups. Lor', dar ain't nothin' ter speak of in de lof'." "He can't get in at the window," said

Mabel, shifting her ground. "Lemme try," said Uncle Brimmer. The kitchen was a small log-cabin ome distance from the house—"in good rollerin' reach," to quote Aunt Patsey. Above it was a low room, or lost, crowded with the misce aneous articles enumerated. The only way of getting into it was from the outside. A ladder against the side of the cabin admitted ne, through a little window, no longer, I am sure, than that of a railway coach into this storehouse of treasures. Pal, who was as slim as a snake, was usually selected to fetch and carry through the small aperture. But Uncle

"I'm pretty sho I kin do it," he said, quinting up one eye, as he took off his out and prepared to try.

We stood in the doorway as he can tiously went up the ladder; and after an through the window, and turning, smiled triumphantly.

This settled the matter. A cot bed was procured for Uncle Brimmer, and he soon became the mainstay of the family. Checrfully avoiding all the work possible; indifferently as an ostrich chile is wuth," said the philosophic eating all he could find in cupboards or highways; grimly playing hobgoblin for baby; gayly twanging his banjo on moonlight nights—memory recalls the with a smile, Uncle Brimmer! I can!

close my eyes now and recall him, big, shapless, indistinct in the semi-darkness, as he sat under the mulberry-tree, sing-

"Wish I was in Tennessee,
A-settin' in my cheer,
Jugo' winks by my side,
An' arms aroun' my dear."

This was his favorite, Who shall doubt that it expressed to him all the

poetry, romance, passion, of life?

After a time Uncle Brimmer fell ill,

and we sent for a doctor.

Dr. Trattles Jex was the medical man of our county. Hel ived in Middleburn, seven miles away, and he came trotting ver on a great bay horse, with a pair of addle-bags honging like Gilpin's bottle's, one on either side. He looked as diminutive as a monkey perched on the tall horse's back, and indeed he was "a wee bit pawky body," as was said of

Tommy Moore. But, bless me! he was is pompous and self-important as though he had found the place to stand on, and could move the world with his little lever. A red handkerchief carefully pinned across his chest showed that he had lungs and a mother. His boots were polished to the last degree. His pink and beardless face betrayed his youth; and his voice—ah! his voice! What a treasure it would have been ald he have let it out to masqueraders! Whether it was just changing from that of youth to that of man, or whether, like reading and writing, it 'came by na-mre," I can't tell. One instant it was deep and bass, the next, squeaking and

coprano. No even tenor about that He held out his liand, with, "Good-morning, Mrs. Hucklestone. I hope the baby has not had an attack?"

I popped into the dining-room to giggle, but little well-bred Mable did not

"Oh no," she cried; "it is Uncle Brim-The dector offered to see him at once, Mabel got up to lead the way. He to this moment I warrant it had not struck

vigor that only his dancing pencil gives, speckless, spotless, gloved, scented, It was in Kentucky that it happened— curled, then at the ladder language against curled, then at the ladder leaning against the wall in a disreputable, rickety sort of way, a scene of incongruity seemed borne in on her soul. To add to her distress and my hilarity, we saw that Uncle Brimmer had hung out of the window some mysterious under-rigging

I thought the little doctor gasped; but he recovered himself gallantly, and

"As a boy I have climbed trees, and think I can ascend a ladder as a man;

and he smiled heroically.

We watched him. He was encumbered by the saddle-bags, but he manaroun' anywhar. I don't take up no laged very well, and had nearly reached om."

Mabel looked thoughtfully upon the the top, when suddenly Uncle Brimmer's head and shoulders protruded, ig brown gray-whiskered old negro, giving him the look of a snail half out

'Here's my pulse, doctor," he cried, blandly, extending his bared arm. "Tain't no place for you up here. 'An here's my tougue." Then out went his tongue for Dr. Jex's inspection.

The doctor settled himself on a rang of the ladder, quite willing to be met half Professional inquiries began,

"A deep sound struck like a rising knell. "Good gracious!" exclaimed Mabel: Nanky Pal sprang up, with distended

eyes, almost letting the baby fall. "Nearer, clearer, deadlier than before."

"Sakes alive! Miss Mabel," cried Nanky, "ole Mr. Simmou's bull's done She was right. A moment more,

in rushed the splendid angry beast, bellowing, pawing the ground, shaking his evil lowered head as if the devil were

contradicting him.
Dr. Jeg turned a sacred face, My ord Bull caught sight of the fluttering red rags, and charged the side of the house. And I give you my word, the next instant the ladder was knocked from under the doctor's feet, and he was clinging frantically round the neck of

Uncle Brimmer. "Pull him in, Unclo Brimmer—pull him in," shrieked Mabel, dancing about. "I can't, honey-I can't," gasped the choking giant; "I'm stuck.

"Hold me up," cried the doctor. Uncle Brimmer seized him by the armpits. The saddle-bags went clattering down, and about the head of Master Rell a cloud of quinine, calomel. Dover's and divers other powders and pills, broke

in blinding confusion.
"Aunt Patsey, go for Mr. Hucklestone at once," called Mabel. Aunt Patsey looked cautiously out

from the kitchen door, "Yer don't ketch me in de yard wid ole Simmons' bull, she said with charming independence. "Then I shall send Nanky Pal. "If Nanky Pal goes outen dat house

I'll break every bone in her body."
Then Mabel began to beg: "Aunt Patsey, let her go, please. I'll give you a whole bagful of quilt pieces, and my rnby rep polonaise that you begged me

Aunt Patsey's head came out a little further. "An' what else?" "And a ruffled pillow-sham," said Mabel, almost in tears, "and some white sugar, and Ill make you a het-and all, Now! "I reckon dat's about as much as the

mother. "Let her go." "Fly! fly!" cried Mabel. ain't skeered," said Nanky. "I ain't dat sort. Mammy ain't nuther, She was jes' waitin' ter see how much

you'd give."

Nanky's bare legs sendded quickly scross the yard. The bull took no notice of her. He was still stamping and bellowing under that window. Uncle Brimmer and the dector clung together, and only a still the dector clung together. a kick now and then testified to the little

man's agony,

"Suppose Uncle Brimmer should let
go?" I suggested in a hollow whisper,

"Oh, hush," cried Mabel, "The doctor's blood would be on our heads."

"Or the bull's horns."

It was not far to the tobacco field, and in an incredibly short time brother John came riding in followed by half a dozen stout negroes. With some delightful play that gave one quite an idea of a Spanish bull fight, his lordship was captured, and our little doctor was assisted to the house,

Gone was the glory of Dr. Trattles Jex. His coat was torn, his knees grimy, his hands scratched, and he looked—yes

-as if he had been crying. "Can you ever forgive us?" said Mabel, pitconsly. She hovered about him like a little mother. She made him drink two glasses of wine; she mended his coat; she isked him if he would not like to kiss the baby. And finally a wan smile shone in the countenance of Dr. Jex. For me. I felt my face purpling, and leaving him to Mabel, I fled with brother John to the moke-house, where we -roared.

Uncle Brimmer got well and went in see the doctor. He returned with a cravat, a cane, and several smart arcles of attire, from which we inferred nat in those trying moments when he supported the suspended doctor, that lit-tic gentleman had offered many induce-ments for him to hold fast. When ques tioned he responded chiefly with a cay ernous and mysterious smile, only say

"Master Dr. Jex is a gentleman; starch in or starch out, he's de gentle-man straight."

And brother John, who is somewhat acquainted with slang, said, with a great laugh, "Well, old man, you had a bully chance to judge, so you must be right,"

—Harper's Weekly.

## A Disturbed Prayer.

The Rev. Mr. Wingtop received a visit from the Widow Peckles and her four children, "I have come to stay a month, Brother Wingtop, and you may consider it a compliment, for I never did like Little Rock. You and my husband were such fast friends that I can never

forget you. Were you not fast friends, Brother Wingtop?"
"Madame, myself and your husband were firm friends, but we were not fast. A minister and his deacon should not be Mr. Wingtop had hoped that his remark would have a tendency to shorten the widow's visit into a day, but when she replied that he was a dear, sly, good man, the reverend gentlemen realized that darkness brooded where the bright light of hope had burned,

At night, when the family had been summoned into the sitting-room to hear long prayer from the widow managed to "squash" three of the widow managed to "squash three of the children. The other one, a boy, ran into the dining-room. "Let him alone," said the minister, "in good time the Lord will catch him," but the same time he thought that if the Lord ever did eaten the boy extraordinary time would

have to be mide.
"Let us pray," said the minister, glancing slyly around to see if the widow had securely haddled her chil-

"Our Father," he began, "we thank Thee for Thy-"Ma! oh, ma! George is taking off the shoe!"

"Thank Thee for the great privilege of sacred communion. But for the "Ma, make him quit. He's trying to put his sock under my nose."

"But for Thy love we would era this have been cut down as cucumbers of the We see around us-Just here the boy that had escaped to

the dining-room entered with a stick of stove-wood and an old boot. Advancing, he struck at one of his brothers with the boot, but unfortunately hit the min-"Madam." said the reverend gentle-

man, rising, "throw those young beasts out of the room, out of the house, and in fact, out of the yard. Daniel was cast into the lions' den, where he enjoyed himself, but if he were penned up with these rhinoceroses he would lose his reputation in ten minutes.

## Life in Germany. With an outlay which seems miserably

small to the American, Germans contrive to lead a merry life. Fine music and drama at cheap prices, the love of out-door life and the multitude of holidays which allow him to gratify it, a passionate fondness for singing, abundance of beer, cheap wines and ci gars, will atone, in the German mind, for a great many other deficiencies. As to books, there is no country where they are cheaper or more abundant. Ten thousand new titles are printed every year. In Prussia, compulsory education secures a good average culture. The new empire is far ahead of us, not only in the organization of its army, but in the organization of its civil ser vice and the conditions of tenure of office. Its schools are in many respects superior to ours. We have borrowed its kindergartens and might borrow with advantage some features of its university life. We have adopted its postal-cards The money-order system is very convenient, the money being brought to your door. And do we not owe an immense debt to German learning? As to music and art, we must stand with our hats off. With all its sauerkraut, sausage and beer, there is a charm German home-life that cannot be ignored. There is a sweetness of affec-tion in the family circle, a fidelity to friends, a stability of character and a homely ingenuousness which the most obstinate prejudice can hardly resist. It is a frank and innocent life, always open to inspection.

Write sunlight is the most favorable for haymaking, it is a well-known fact that wild oats are best sown by moon-

# SOUTHERN NEWS.

The paid capital of Charlotte, N. C. anks is \$825,000.

The contract for building jetties at cernandina. Fla., has been reawarded. In Moorewille, N. C., out of 710 cases

measies, there has been one death. An attempt is to be unde in North arolina to create the office of Railroad

lower Pearl river and floated out into he trulf of Mexico. Salesofotions to start a glass factory it Moss Point, on the Musissippi const,

mount to \$13,500. One thousand immigrants are expected arrive shortly in Southeast Missouri and North Arkansas.

Four large rattlesnakes, killed recently n Greenne county, Ala., had fifteen. ourteen, twelve and ten rattles.

Last year was the most bountiful nown in Texas since the war. The coton alone amounted to 1,290,000 bales.

hinks that cotton seed is better for ferilizing purposes than cotton seed meal.

op the granite quarries near Petersburg,

the State shall appropriate \$10,000 to term, when white and colored people of send an agent to the North of Europe to all denominations were cilamoring for induce the immigration of families of wood, he specially notes the standing of

Swedes and Danes. The estimates of the expense of the

St. Stephen's, in Savannah, is the only colored Episcopal church in Georgia.

Passengers for Madisonville—An electure that in future it should be current at 21 shillings.

The twenty-fifth anniversary has recents gant sheigh and four will have Basin. The hanging gardens of Babylon conly been celebrated.

laborer on a sugar plantation when he is properly paid and handled.

ry tree grows with as much luxuriance as to Uncle Sammy Honniwell, as the the cherry, and that the soil and climate gentlemen met near the City Hall. favor the production of silk. The capacity of the Charlotte, N.

otton mills is five bales of cotton per day, there being 3,800 spindles. The machinery is all on one floor. The walls are very thick and the floor is triple, thus neutralizing the effects of the jarring of the heavy machinery.

The Birmingham Iron Age reports a contract with parties from Chicago for 15,000 tons of coal to be delivered on the line of the New Orleans and Jackson

New Orleans States: Mr. Duncan F. Kenner is the first planter to take the wise precaution to lay tramways from his cane-fields to his sugar-house. His example should be followed.

The soil and climate of South Florida we said to be very favorable to the cultivation of sugar cane. The yield is sometimes as much as 4,000 pounds to the acre.

the endowment of the Columbia, S. C. Theological seminary. It is said the seminary new has \$110,000 in invested funds, and that the outlook is very en-

Over 300 pupils are now in attendance at the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Mississippi. This is the limit of its capacity at present, and Gen. Lee has accordingly announced that no more pupils will be received

Wages for good field hands in Abbeville, S. C., range from \$50 to \$76, some few receiving as much as \$100. But f w contracts have been made, a majority prefering interest in the crop or rental.

The Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser re ports the departure of a considerable number of carpenters for Pensacola, Fla., where they expect to find work in the rebuilding of the burnt district.

The failure of Welsh & Bacon, at Albany, Ga., is said to be perhaps the largest single failure that section has ever known. The gross amount of assets is reported by Col. Nelson Tift, the assignce, to be \$498,254.17 and the liabilities \$476,269.79.

The oldest living student of the University of North Carolina is the Hon. Mark Alexander, of Mecklenburg county, Va., who matriculated in 1808. and is now in his eighty-ninth year o life. He is the only survivor, except one, of the Congress of 1819, and the only survivor but one of the celebrated Virginia convention of 1829-30, of which President Madison, President Monroe and

## Chief Justice Marshal were members.

The colporter of the Maury county, Tenn., Bible Society distributed to families in that county destitute of the Word of God six hundred Bibles and Testaments (during the past year, is probably the time). The Maury county

having been organized in 1818. The second annual report of the Atlanta Board of Health states that the total number of deaths was 679, an an mual death rate of seventeen and eight Eight thousand logs broke loose in the tenths for each thousand inhabitants. Of the whole number, 288 were white and

> for the colored people twenty-three and The following excellent suggestion i made of Gov. Jarvis, of North Carolina

Bible Society is the oldest in the State,

"No court requiring a jury or witnesses either civil, criminal, inferior or sup rior, should be held in the month of June. Our people are eminently an agricultural people, and to take a targe number of laborers out of the fields for a week, as is now done in many of the counties in A person writing to a Mississippi paper | the busy month of June, is a serious injury to the farmers of that county."

Rev. J. H. Campbell, of Columbus A company is to be chartered to devel- Ga., one of the most active philauthrep ists in the State, writes to the Columbus Times that in all his fifty year? expe-An alleged petrified baby, said to have rience among the poor, he never tas had seen uncarthed near Eureka Springs, has an application for charity from an Is been sold at Russellville, Ark., for raclite. They sometimes give him money for the poor, but never ask charity for It is suggested in West Virginia that themselves. During the recent cold

Louisiana Gazette, printed in New Or | in relation to silver, at 20 shillings 8

The Swiss colony in North Carolina is said to have discovered that the mulber-weather," said old Daddy Wotherspoon Right for and weather for the season,

"Jist so; jist so," concaded Uncle ammy. "Reminds me of the fall of Sammy. It commenced long the fore part of November, and froze stiff till March, Good, smart weather, too. I remember that it was so cold in Brooklyn that November that bilin' water froze over a

Daddy Wotherspoon looked at him and braced himself, "Yes, yes," said he, "I mind it well, That's the fall the milk froze in the cows. But the cold senson was in 1827. It commenced in the middle of October and ran through to April. All the oil froze in the lamps, and we didn't have a light until spring

"Ay, ay," responded Uncle Sammy, growing rigid. 'It's just like yesterday to me, I walked 140 miles due east from Sandy Hook, on the ice, and slid back, owing to the convexity of the earth, you know. It was down hill comm' this way. But that wasn't as cold as the winter of 1821. That season commenced in September, and the mer-cury didn't rise a degree till May. Don't you remember now we used to breathe hard, let it freeze, cut a hole in it, and crawl in for shelter? You haven't forgotten that?"

"Not I," said Daddy Wotherspoon. after a short panse. "That's the win-ter we used to give the horses melted lend to drink, and keep a bot fire under 'em so it wouldn't harden till they got it down. But that was nothin' to the spell of 1817. We begun to feel it in the latter part of August, and she boomed stiddy till the 30th of June. I got through the whole spell by living in an ice-house. It was too cold to go out doors, and I jist camped in an ice house. You remember that senson of 1817. That's the winter we wore undershirts of sand-paper to keep up a

"Well, I should say I did," retorted Uncle Sammy. "What! remember 1817? Deed I do. That was the spell when it took a steam grindstone four days to light a match. Ay, ay! But do you know I was uncomfortably warm

that winter?"
"How so?" demanded Daddy Wotherspoon, breathing hard,

Runnin' around your ice-house to find out where you got in. It was an awful spell, though. How long did it last? From August till the 30th of June? I guess you're right. But you mind the snap of 1813, don't you? It commenced on the 1st of July, and went around and lapped over a week. That year the smoke froze in the chimneys and we had to blast it out with dynamite. I think that was the worst we ever had. All the clocks froze up so we didn't know the time for a year, and when men used to set fire to their buildin's so's to raise the rent. Yes, indeed, I got \$3,000 a month for four burnin' buildin's. There was a heap of sufferin' that winter, because we lived on alconol and phosphorus, till the alcohol froze, and then we eat the brimstone ends of matches and jumped around till

they caught fire. Say, you-"
But Daddy Wotherspoon had fled. The statistics were too much for him, -

# BITS OF INFORMATION.

THE fiddle is spoken of as early as 1200 A. D., in the legendary life of St.

Christopher. CHAMOIS skins are not derived from the chamois, as many people suppose, but are the firsh side of sheepskins. The skins are soaked in lime-water, and in a solution of sulphuric acid; fish oil is poured over them, and they are care-

fully washed in a solution of potash. In 1789, when the Federal Government was organized, heads of departments received \$3,500 per annum salary. The principal Secretaries who formed Washington's first Cabinet were: Of State, Thomas Jefferson; of the Treas-391 colored. The death rate for the whites is thirteen to each thousand, and dolph.

ury, Alexander Hamilton; of War, Gen. Knox; Attorney General, Edmond Bandolph.

The heaviest loss inflicted upon the American arms in any battle of the Revolutionasy wer was at the battle of Long Island -2,000 in killed, wounded and prisoners. But 10,000 Americans were engaged, and the loss was only 20 per cent. At the Eattle of Hubbardton, Vt., 700 patriots engaged 1,200 British troops, and 324 were killed or wounded —nearly 50 per cent. At Guilford Court House, Gen. Greene lost 1,200 out of 4,400—a loss of 30 per cent.

Yethow bananas come from Jamaica and Aspinwall, and the red bananas from Cuba. The yellow bananas sell the best because they grow more to the bunch. A bunch of yellow bananas averages about ten dozen, and sometimes they average as high as twelve dozen, while the red bananas seldom run over five dozen. The bunches are sold at about the same price, so the retailers can afford to sell the yellow ones for less and still make a botter profit than they can on the red ones. The flavor of the banama depends greatly on the soil in which it

Tan English guinea was so called because the gold of which it was first made was brought from Guinea by an African trading company. Originally it was in-tended that the guinea should be worth the Jews, to whom he says the facts are bughly creditable.

the description of the largest state of the properties of th State government of Texas for the year chief following advertisements from the circulated at that value, Sir isaac Newton fixed the true value of the guines, the following advertisements from the circulated at that value, Sir isaac Newton fixed the true value of the guines, in relation to silver, at 20 shillings 8 pence, and, by his advice, the crown proclaimed that in future it should be

Carondelet this day at 3 o'clock for sisted of an artificial mountain 400 feet The less to the Louisiana sugar inter-ests by the cold and wet weather is now carefully estimated at 25.0.0 box hoods with huffale robes and other are sugar to a height which evertopped the carefully estimated at 25,000 hogsheads or about ten per cent, of the expected crop.

Mr. Cage told the Sugar-planters' Association at New Orleans that in his opinion nothing could equal a negro as a labour or a succession of parts. It will be provided with buffide robes and other accommodate the selves were formed of a succession of piers, the tops of which were covered by flat stones sixteen feet long and four feet wide. Upon these were formed of a succession of piers, the tops of which were covered by flat stones sixteen feet long and four feet wide. Upon these were formed of a succession of piers, the tops of which were covered by flat stones sixteen feet long and four feet wide. Upon these were formed of a succession of piers, the tops of which were covered by flat stones sixteen feet long and four feet wide. Upon these were formed of a succession of piers, the tops of which were covered by flat stones sixteen feet long and four feet wide. Upon these were formed of a succession of piers, the tops of which were covered by flat stones sixteen feet long and four feet wide. Upon these were formed of a succession of piers, the tops of which were covered by flat stones sixteen feet long and four feet wide. Upon these were formed of a succession of piers, the tops of which were covered by flat stones sixteen feet long and four feet wide. Upon these were formed of a succession of piers, the tops of which were covered by flat stones sixteen feet long and four feet wide. Upon these were formed of a succession of piers, the tops of which were covered by flat stones sixteen feet long and four feet wide. Upon these were formed of a succession of piers, the tops of which were covered by flat stones sixteen feet long and four feet wide. low, so as to afford depth for the roots of the tallest trees. Water was drawn from the river to irrigate these gardens, which thus presented to the eye pearance of a mountain covered in verd

> The day upon which any historical event referring to the Christian era hap-pened may be determined by the followno rule : 1. Subtract 1 from the data and divide the remainder by 400, 2. Point off the centuries from the resulting remainder and divide the old years by 4. 3. Multiply the resulting quoent by 5 and to the product add the remainder. 4. From the sum subtract twice the number of centuries pointed off and divide the remainder by 7, 5, Add the resulting remainder to the day of the year upon which the event happened and divide the sum by 7.—6. To the last resulting remainder add 1.—Then will the sum be the number of the day of the week required. When the first quotient is zero, or when it is I and the centuries der, to avoid negative results, add 27 to the date instead of subtracting 1 from it.

"Something Good in the Fellow." An eminant public man who shall be nameless—a man of great intellectual tom, but sadly broken and demoralized by a long-continued course of wrong once told by a boon companion how a certain other public man had been abusing him,
"Never mind," said our eminent

level of petty scandal and malice. "The fellow is only a dirty blackguard, and I care not to know what he says of "But, my dear sir, if he is allowed to go on in that way he will ruin your character; he will destroy your credit; and,

friend, whose soul was really above the

perhaps, injure your prospects in the "Tut, tut! My character-what there is of it-is too tough for such a man to injure it; my credit is a phanin the future. I doubt if he

them more dubious than they now are,' "Well," persisted the friend, after a little pause, how do you like the idea of his making free with the name of your The man was aroused on the instant. 'He! Does he dare?"

"Yes, He declares that your wife is altogether too good for you. "What? Does he say that?" "Yes, he has said it repeatedly."
"Well, well—there's something good in the fellow after all. Bless him for the truth he tells-for, my dear fellow, that

is true—as true as gospel." The great man sat for many minutes, with his head bowed down upon his hand, and when he next looked up, his face had grown wondrously soft and pathetic.

"Yes-he told the truth ! I think I'll go home and have a chat with that woman. Who know but that she may help me?—Zounds! I have not help me?—Zounds! I have not thought of her. Bless the rescal for re-minding me! Yes, sir! He told the

And the worker for the nationpolitician, work and weary—set forth to find the one being of earth in whom, when all else should have failed him, he felt he could trust,